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LIFE



HE BORE IT OUT.

Nodd (proudly): I TELL YOU, OLD MAN, YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THERE IS IN THAT BOY OF MINE.
"OH, YES, I HAVE! I HAVE SEEN HIM EAT!"

Life's Guide to Voters.

FOR War, Teddy, Taxation and Trusts, vote for William McKinley.

FOR the Constitution, Peace, Panic and Populism, vote for W. J. Bryan.

MR. KIPLING seems to be in accord with Mr. Julian Ralph about the amateurishness of the average British army officer. His new war stories convey with great vigor sentiments very like those which Mr. Ralph has expressed in some of his letters. The idea is that war is business, and that the training which qualifies men to play polo, hunt and look pretty does not incidentally turn them into finished soldiers. One of the pities about this world is that so much conscious labor has to go to the acquisition of the desirable things, including knowledge. The kindergarten scheme for becoming wise and strong and learned, without suspecting that you are at work, is ever so much prettier.

His Fate.

PENNER: What has become of Sourgall, the critic?
AUTHOR: He wrote a book and was found out.

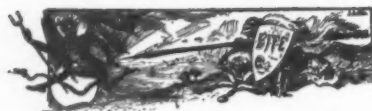
Legion.

SPLICER: I should think you would get tired of writing poetry, when it is read by so few people.

QUILDIGGE: Few! Old man, you little realize how many editors there are in this country.



Papa Bug: SAY, MAMIE, HASN'T THAT YOUNG MR. SNAIL GONE YET?
Miss Bug: WHY, YES, PAPA, HE STARTED THREE HOURS AGO.



"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XXXVI. AUGUST 2, 1900. No. 925.
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THE outbreak in China is six weeks old, and still the world looks, and rubs its eyes, and wonders what to think and what to do. What does "China" mean? None of us is quite sure he knows. An enormous territory maintaining an enormous population, split up into principalities governed by Viceroy, many of whom are almost independent of the Imperial authority. A loosely joined empire in which distances are immense, and space is still unannihilated, and even unabridged, by railroads. Shoals and shoals of people, most of them ignorant, superstitious, suspicious and impulsive, profoundly ignorant of all the world except China, and considerably ignorant of China. When we talk just now of what China has got, or wants, or intends, we do well to stop and try to think whom or what we mean by China. We know her as the geography class knows her, and that is almost all.

China, then—the China of the geographies—is said to have bought during the last four years in England and Germany nearly a million modern rifles; German officers have taught soldiering to her soldiers, and missionaries from all countries have offered to her people the religious advantages which Christendom enjoys. Meanwhile the Powers have talked openly of cutting her up and using her in their business. Not much has been omitted that would stir a Chinese

patriot to resentment, and all the time there has been a constant furnishing of means for that resentment to express itself with vigor. It is a funny world, and we who live in it put up a wonderful mixture of behavior. There would be entertainment in watching the progress of the upset in China if it were not for the prodigious tragedy that seems to have accompanied it, the scope and extent of which are still unascertained.



IT is our turn to smile at our friends who have maintained all along that they did not care for the Philippines in themselves, but valued them as a vantage point from which to deal with China. With vital need of a large force to go to Pekin on an errand of rescue, and with sixty-five thousand soldiers nearby in the Philippines, we are sending troops to China from home because only three or four thousand soldiers can be spared from Luzon, even in a life and death emergency. In a speech at St. Paul the other day, Colonel Roosevelt maintained that the Boxer revolt showed the wisdom of our course in the Philippines, because Aguinaldo's levies were no better than Boxers, and would have raised just as much hob as the Boxers have done if they had got a chance.

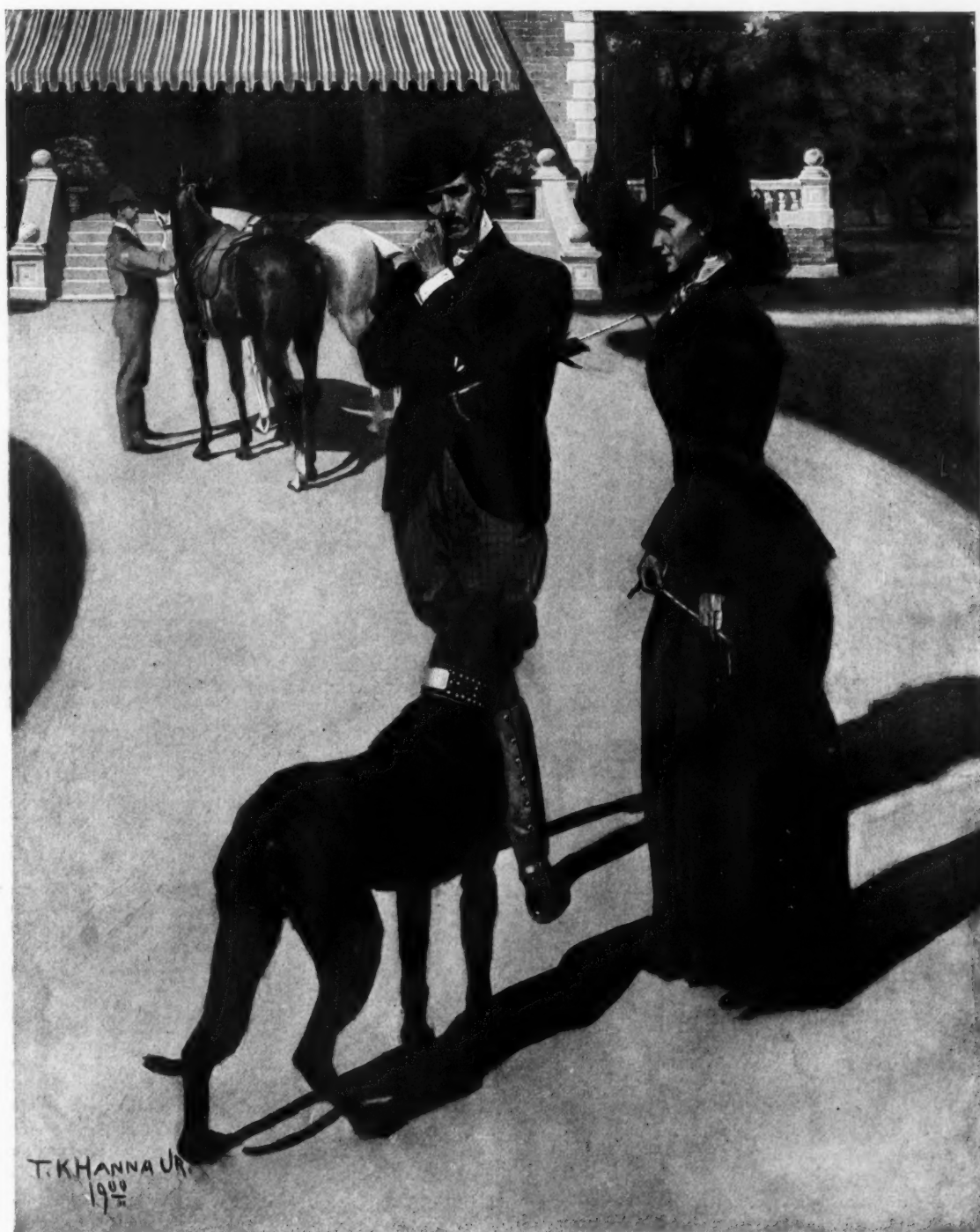
The Colonel did not find it worth while to point out that our policy for China, so far as it has been outlined, is precisely the opposite of our policy in the Philippines. In China, our declared intention is to oppose any sovereignty that is not Chinese; to oppose dismemberment of the empire; and to support the worthiest native government that can be found, in the task of bringing order out of the Chinese chaos. We seem to be starting right in China, and with such men as Mr. Hay, Mr. Long, and Mr. Root in the Cabinet we will doubtless continue right. There is a good deal about the Chinese outbreak that would tend to make the country more loath than ever to see the Administration change hands, but it is not of much value as an argument to make our policy in the Philippines any more popular.



THE sudden diversion of attention from Pretoria to Pekin is almost tragic in its completeness. Mr. Kipling's new Boer-War stories will be stale before they get into type, albeit they are good stories and will keep. There ought to be a rule against bringing out any great, new milito-literary attraction until the preceding one has finished its course on the boards. The English and Americans, and doubtless the French too, like when they fight to be respectfully observed and fully reported. The Germans seem somewhat less solicitous of mention, and the Russians, when they take action, are apt to find it advantageous that no one should be looking.



WE have very hot spells this summer. One of the respected astronomers has announced that there are big spots on the Sun; much bigger ones than usual; and that they betoken excessive heat on Earth. Presently when Colonel Bryan and Colonel Roosevelt get started on the road and are endeavoring in competition to tell every citizen of the United States how he shall vote, our auditory nerves will be subjected to an appalling strain. We hope they won't begin until the sun spots are burnt out and the weather is cooler, and until we see some light in China. Moreover, it will be politic to wait, for no one can say with assurance that when all the Powers join in medicating China an issue may not result that may put both platforms in need of tinkering, and turn the tide of talk in a new direction. The man whose turn to discourse it just now is the Prophet Totten. Totten has been forecasting for some time past that general hob would be raised this year, and things have gone far enough his way to give him encouragement. Any forecasts he makes for the immediate future will receive respectful attention from newspaper readers.

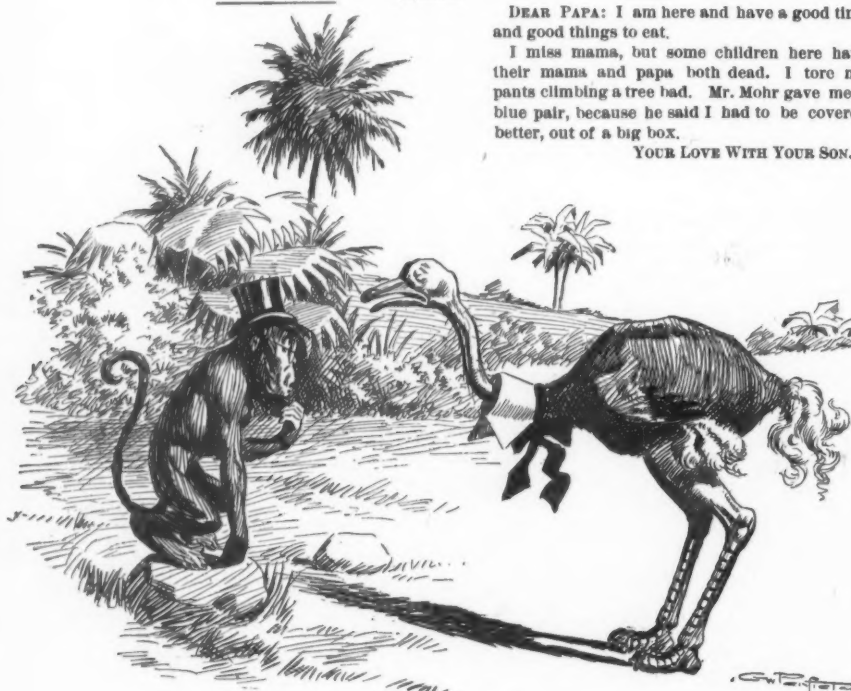


"WE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ENEMIES, AND NOW WE LOVE THE SAME GIRL."
 "HOW TRAGIC! I WISH I COULD HELP YOU."
 "YOU CAN. YOU ARE THE GIRL."

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged	\$2,724.61
Dorothy and Ruth	4.00
T. S. McI.	5.00
Wm. G. Davis	10.00
A. B. T.	10.00
L. C. Dance Association	3.00
W. E. M.	45.00
In Memory of Lucy W. T.	25.00
From Ruth, in Memory of Mamma	10.00
Cash	5.00
For Rose	5.00
From Miss E. V. Middleton	5.00
Firecrackers from Mineville, N. Y.	7.51
V. L.	10.00
J. A. K.	10.00
Prescott Childs	3.00
H. K. O.	25.00
Carl Searle	2.00
Richard Searle	2.00
Third Subscription for 1900 of \$100 on account of the Ninth Westchester Annual Subscription of \$300 to the Fresh-Air Fund	100.00
E. J. H.	3.00
G. F. D. L.	20.00
K. C. P.	5.00
Proceeds derived from an entertain- ment given on July 14th by the following little Misses: Norma White, Gladys White, Agnes Tracy, Heien Tracy, Clarabell Smith and May Laydon	4.00
Check	3.00
In Memory of My Mother	25.00
B. R. T.	5.00
M. B. Steedman	10.00
E. H. Sears	2.00
Wm. P. Clyde	100.00
O. M. E.	5.00
E. D. U.	3.00
Gertrude Slocum	3.00
In Memory of Little Dick from His Sisters	25.00

\$3,224.12



"DOCTOR, MY APPETITE HAS GONE BACK ON ME COMPLETELY. I HAVE TO FORCE MYSELF TO SWALLOW EVEN A NAIL."

"I SHOULD PRESCRIBE A MAGNET BEFORE MEALS."

THE children of the Fresh-Air Farm were recently treated to fifteen gallons of ice cream by Mr. and Mrs. Hawk of Ridgefield, Connecticut, in honor of the birthday of their daughter.

THESE letters from children at LIFE's farm may be of interest to some of our readers:

DEAR MAMA: I got here and am well. We have lots to eat. I am very well. We eat nice things to eat. Write to me back.
YOUR DAUGHTER, &c.

DEAR MOTHER: We all arrived safely. and it is grand for girls, and I send my best regards to all in the house.
YOUR LOVING DAUGHTER.

DEAR PAPA: Me and Harry enjoy being in the country, and have our daily meals regularly. I remain,
YOUR GOOD SON.

DEAR MAMA: Since I am here we had two rain storms. We have a big tent, and as soon as it started, the boys and girls all ran under the tent. After it stopped raining, two men played pitching iron rings on a big spike.
YOUR SON.

DEAR PAPA: I am here and have a good time and good things to eat.

I miss mama, but some children here have their mama and papa both dead. I tore my pants climbing a tree had. Mr. Mohr gave me a blue pair, because he said I had to be covered better, out of a big box.

YOUR LOVE WITH YOUR SON.



AT LIFE'S FARM.

WASH. DAY.

Acknowledgments.

LIFE'S Fresh-Air Farm is in receipt of one barrel of Pillsbury's best flour from Messrs. Pillsbury, Washburn and Company, Minneapolis, and one barrel of crackers from Messrs. Seeman Brothers, New York.

IN LIFE's issue of July 12th there appeared a picture of a scene in the big tent at LIFE's farm, with the title, "Listening to the Phonograph." This was an error. In reality the children were listening to the Zon-o-phone, a highly appreciated gift to the farm from the National Gram-o-phone Corporation.



MRS. ATHERTON gives us in *Senator North* a readable story and rather a distorted sketch of Washington official and social life. Mrs. Atherton's heroines are always women beyond the pale, and *Miss Betty Madison* is no exception. In the delicate situation which furnishes the tragic motive of the story, almost any writer but Mrs. Atherton would have thought it impossible to make her blue-



Near-sighted Professor: GREAT HEAVENS! I THOUGHT AT FIRST WE'D LOST ONE OF OUR GUIDES—BUT IT'S ONLY MARTHA.

blooded heroine confide its embarrassing details to a man who was almost a stranger.

Kate Wetherell is the title of a sad, homely, little tragedy in the workaday world of a Massachusetts village. The author, Jennette Lee, shows skill and feeling in many deft touches, though occasionally becoming vague under the apparent impression that she is subtle. (The Century Company.)

Balzac's *Letters to Madame Hanska* contain much that is beautiful, much that throws light upon an interesting side of his character, and much, very much, that while of no possible interest to the public, becomes, through constant repetition, unspeakably wearisome. Miss Wormeley's translation is excellent. Her introduction and her footnotes show complete knowledge of her subject and deep sympathy with it, and had she been free to edit as well as translate, the book would undoubtedly have gained wonderfully in strength, interest and artistic unity. (Hardy Pratt and Company, Boston.)

The strenuous is the popular

thing in literature as well as in politics. That is, authors and publishers seem to think so. *The Sword of the King*, by Ronald Macdonald, is a story of the fighting, adventurous sort. It is not from the hand of a master story-teller, but it will serve as a stop-gap for an idle afternoon.

A book that will be helpful to American women who know nothing about the proper preparations for a voyage and trip to Europe is *European Travel for Women*, by Mary Cadwalader Jones. Even old travellers may find new hints here and there. (The Macmillan Company.)

Deacon Bradbury. By Edwin Asa Dix. A pious man and zealous church member, Deacon Bradbury begins to doubt his belief in church and God when his son is brought home under the influence of liquor. How he then carved out for himself principles of life and conduct, and acquired a belief independently his own, is told with wearisome particulars, and his commonplace, ungrammatical family and friends become tedious. (The Century Company.)

Bequeathed. By Beatrice Whitby. This is the story of two friends who loved one woman. The characters are well drawn, there is good color, and the story holds in interest throughout. (Harper and Brothers.)

Rival Thrills.

THE SEAMAN: Have you ever been on a battleship when she clears for action?

THE LANDSMAN: No.

"Well, it is the most thrilling and impressive moment you can conceive."

"Oh, I don't know. Have you ever seen a golf club champion get ready to drive?"

Repartee.

I RAISED the cup
To take a sup,
My love to pledge in sparkling wine.

"There's many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip,"
She said, as her face bent close to mine.

I dropped the glass
And kissed the lass,
Which, more than wine, was to my taste.
"There's many a lip
'Twixt the cup and the slip,"

I said, as my arm slipped round her waist.

W. B. H.



A HISTORY OF ENGLAND

In Four Blasts.

BLAST THREE.

THE efflorescence of England began with the Tudors. Henry VIII. was a rare, old boy of unconventional tastes; he abolished

the church and absorbed its property; and earned the gratitude of New England and Chicago by introducing divorce. His daughter Elizabeth was a lady with a gift of strong language, a love of male society, and a prejudice against matrimony, which was acquired, not inherited. She was called the Virgin Queen by her playful subjects. Courtiers who didn't lose their hearts to her were apt to lose their heads. The Spanish Armada was supposed to have been stopped by the Dutch and the weather; but now we know that Lizzie's hand-painted beauty did the job. After Queen Bess died the Stuarts came from Scotland with baggage, bagpipes and dialects to run the land.

King James invented the bible, tabooed tobacco, rewarded his mother's slayers and declined ostentatious hospitality. Guy Fawkes gained fame by failing to blow the King off, to the regret of all. There was no protest when Jaimie died and his son Charles became the burden bearer. Charles ran to curls and clothes and looked like a matinée idol; but he was careless about his taxes. In his time the Puritans—the Boxers of the period—began to get press notices and were very popular with themselves. They were pious, short-haired, nasal, amiable as old cider, and had a religion as joyous and inspiring as nightmare and indigestion. They agreed with nobody; nobody agreed with them: even their food disagreed with them. They were a fine, stern, humorless lot of saints, out of place on earth, too good for heaven; and not welcomed outside of New England. The Cavaliers and Puritans did not affiliate; the former ran to lace, long hair, ladies, perfumes and soap; the latter to contrary things. The Puritans were orators and went to Parliament; they abhorred taxes and spenders. Charles hated to hear others talk and remarked that money talked. He kicked the Puritans out with the remark, "If you ain't got any money, you needn't come around." This irritated Oliver Cromwell, who was the power behind the Throne, and he had a hot dispute with Charles in which the King lost his head—rather abruptly.

Then Oliver took up the burden. He was a hard-featured man with warts, overstocked with zeal, piety, opinions and ability to make trouble. He closed down the talking factories, exported the Cavaliers to Virginia, walloped the Scotch, and made a tour of Ireland with his saints and

soldiers. He left nothing after him but a bad impression. Oliver and his hellarious friends abolished merry England, made every day Sunday, and banished the British joke. Cromwell finally died with the approval of England, but was base enough to leave materials for biographies to avenge himself on posterity. The Puritans were not popular idols and they made piety, prayer and righteousness so well liked, that they were sent to Boston to get rid of their stock.

Charles II. was a dead game sport who had been on his uppers ever since his martyred father was separated from his head. He painted England red and invited the jocund Puritan to emigrate. He found England a tabernacle; he made it a Tenderloin. He was a merrie monarch and touched the heart—i. e., pocket—of England deeply. He had no heirs; but he left numerous children and lady friends to the bereaved taxpayers. He warred with the Dutch who knocked the tar out of his tars; but he did capture New York and started it on its career of crime. Then he somewhat thoughtlessly died—and his brother James grabbed the throne. Jim was a religious reformer; but after Cromwell and Charles England was dead-sore on religion and reform. They chased James and gave the Crown to William of Orange, who coyly accepted it. William followed his revered father-in-law to Ireland where he endeared himself to the Irish, who will fight over him even to this day. William invented the national debt, being something of a financier, and as his tastes were military and his talents were not, the debt grew in a way to delight his friends. When the Prince of Orange went to seed he left the debt and the throne to Anne, a dull, dowdy, young thing, who was the author of a style of architecture as charming as the lady's face and figure. Anne being a timid lady went in for war and added much to the glory and the graves of the land. Englishmen have a nice taste for gore and glory, but not for fighting: but as they hire other fellows to do the work the laurels achieved bring little depression. Anne had a glorious reign though she looked like thunder, and when she consented to die the Stuarts vanished from England's throne, leaving a big debt and a bad odor behind them.

Joseph Smith.

(To be continued.)

The Democratic Platform.

(WITH SPLINTERS.)

WE, the representatives of the Democratic party once removed, being sufficiently imbued with our own incompetence, and this being the silly season, do affirm the following principles:

We hold that the Declaration of Independence is the spirit of our Government, and we call attention to the fact that imperialism is not only rapidly undermining this spirit, but is even now beginning to play havoc with everything we hold dear.

William McKinley represents everything in politics and government that the American people do not want, and it is not too much to say that his





THE BUBBLE OF EXPANSION.

Mark: KEEP ON BLOWING, WILLIE—IT'S BEAUTIFUL.

continuance in power is a menace which every thoughtful American citizen cannot but view with alarm. The Porto Rico injustice, the Cuban scandal, the interminable Philippine war, the steady growth of trusts, the bald-faced effrontery of some of the worst elements, are all signs of coming disaster. This being the case, and with the

full and complete knowledge that we are in a position to save the country from the fate that threatens it, we hereby declare for the free coinage of silver, not that we believe in it ourselves, but simply because we are all earnest and inspired idiots enough to know that this clause inserted in the platform will kill every possible chance there may

be to circumvent Hanna and the rest.

And now, having done all we can to insure the election of the party in power, and made it impossible for any thinking man to vote for our candidate, we submit our cause to the American people, in the sure belief that we have done the one thing to defeat it, and missed the chance of our lives.



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PICTURESQUE
SCENE, ANYWHERE AL

• LIFE •



PICTURESQUE AMERICA.
ANYWHERE ALONG THE COAST.

The Bun.

TUESDAY, JUNE 31, 1900.

A Fool and His Money.

Readers of THE BUN have perhaps read the advertisements of The American Liquefied Wind Company, which have been appearing in our columns for the past few months. This company is not going to advertise any more and has paid our bills, so we can now tell the truth about it. All its claims and promises about the big profits to be made out of liquefied wind have no foundation in fact. Wind has been successfully liquefied for sale to political orators and Congressmen, but it cannot be made to sell at a profit for commercial purposes. The only money to be made from it is the money paid for its stock by the fools who have been lured into buying it through reading the graphic advertisements printed in the newspapers. If you see it in THE BUN, it's so.

You Was Right.

THE BUN is in receipt of the following letter from a discriminating reader:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BUN:—I have a bet with a friend who says that "you was" is ungrammatical and it should be "you were." I insisted on leaving it to THE BUN, a journal which has its own independent ideas about the English language.

CHUMP.

You win. There are a number of fools and Mugwumps, principally in Boston and its suburbs, who claim that English should be spoken and written according to the rules of English grammar. Usage is what makes language, and there are a great many estimable and Christian people who say "you was" instead of "you were." THE BUN sees no reason why a free and independent American should be tied down by the rules of English grammar. You was right and you was win your bet.

Our Politics.

Those fools and idiots who think that the President of the United States should be a statesman and a man of brains and character are not pleased with the fact that MARK HANNA and his associates of the Republican Trust have selected WILLIAM MCKINLEY as his own

successor. Three years ago THE BUN said of WILLIAM MCKINLEY:

WILLIAM MCKINLEY is one of those weak-kneed, hypocritical, psalm-singing politicians whom the Republican bosses use as a gold brick to fool the easily gulled American people. THE BUN is glad to enroll the name of WILLIAM MCKINLEY in its list of arch-traitors, along with those of ULYSSES S. GRANT, HENRY WARD BEECHER and GROVER CLEVELAND.

But this was three years ago. THE BUN knows which side it is buttered on and has been properly interviewed by Senator PLATT. It now believes that WILLIAM MCKINLEY is a triple-plated patriot and that his policy of Imperialism, with fat offices and fat contracts for good Republicans, shows the highest form of statesmanship.

THE BUN never turns its coat without a reason that is perfectly satisfactory—to THE BUN.

Religious Discussion.

Most newspapers avoid religious discussions in their columns, holding that religion is purely a matter of faith, and that no final settlement of religious questions can be reached this side of the grave, no matter how much they are wrangled over. Besides, the opinions of the average person on the matter of religion are absolutely valueless and make very dreary reading indeed.

THE BUN has an excellent reason for printing column after column of letters from people airing their views on this subject. Once open the flood-gates and fanatics on both sides will pour in letters, splitting hairs and defending their respective beliefs and unbeliefs. This is the cheapest known way of getting copy, and nowadays THE BUN is not wasting any money.

The Drama.

The coming theatrical season promises to be a most brilliant one. The Trust is now in possession of all the theatres in America and is able to hire actors at its own prices. As the members of the Trust are all philanthropic Hebrews and perfect gentlemen, this means that dramatic art will flourish in America as it has never flourished before.

THE BUN will print all the Trust's advertisements and the Trust's book-keeper will write THE BUN's dramatic criticisms as heretofore. This will enable our readers to learn on reliable authority whether plays are worth seeing.

Those Boston wise men who, under the lead of EDWARD ALADDIN ATKINSON, are of opinion that the Declaration of Independence is a document of any importance and that the United States is wrong in murdering Filipinos under the pretence of giving them a free government, do well to stay under the shadow of the Sacred Codfish. Modern Americans have no use for them. If they had any sense they would learn to define patriotism as it is defined by WILLIAM IMPERIAL MCKINLEY and MARK OCTOPUS HANNA—"a fat office or a fat contract for every machine Republican."

In case the Republicans win, that martyr to the canned-beef lie, the noble ALGER of Michigan, will receive the reward it was inexpedient to bestow with a national election close at hand.

It is only fair to state that the Cuban post-office thieves did not divide the swag with WILLIAM PATRIOTICUS MCKINLEY and MARK TRUSTICUS HANNA.

Our List of Humorous Names.

May I add to your intensely funny list of names that of LEMUEL ELI QUIGO?

WIT.

I have had many a good laugh over your clever and side-splitting list of unusual names. Permit me to contribute the name of JOHN SMITH. He is a real person and lives in New York City.

A READER OF THE BUN.

Is the name of PINK DOODLES worthy of a place on the roll of fame? There isn't any such person but there might be.

FUNNY IKE.

Why?

I

Am

The Machine
Poet of the
New York BUN.
You may not
Be able

To see the fun
Of writing
Short lines
Of tommy-rot
And calling
It Poetry.
Which shows
You're one
Of the crass
Multitude.

In short
You're
An ass.
If you
Were not
An ass
You would
Think this
Clever and
Funny.
See,
Sonny?

W. L. L.

FASHION.

A Stylish Gown With Plans for Same.

THE BUN's fashion department is conducted on the most up-to-date plan, and its models are unlike anything to be found on the earth or under the earth. We present to-day a dainty confection just received from Paris by wireless telegraph. It is called the rubber-ecque, and will be found most becoming to matrons who have lost



their girlish figures. It is made of saffron velours, with reverses of khaki batiste. A V-shaped yoke is set into the skirt, which makes up charmingly with a two-inch band of white linen scalloped on one edge down either side of the front, falling over a narrow vest of tucked white lawn or Irish lace, which is not considered a bit too elegant to be made up with gingham.

Cheap Living.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BUN:—I have been deeply interested in THE BUN's discussion of this topic. The cheapest way to live in New York is to make all the money you can and spend nothing.

COLOMON.

An Explanation.

We use type of this size in the columns of THE BUN, not because we are interested in the manufacture of spectacles and eye-lenses nor because we have relatives who are oculists. The real reason is that THE BUN prints so much stuff, not worth printing at all and which no one reads, that it makes no difference what kind of type it is in. This size saves ink and paper.

High Praise.

From The American Laborer.

THE NEW YORK BUN is the friend of the workingman—nit!

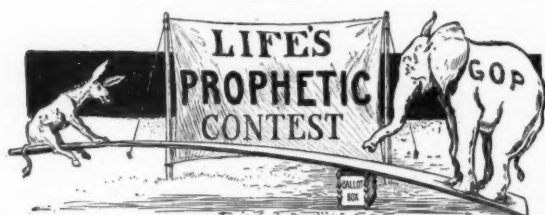
If You See It in The Bun, It's So.

Last week Colonel ABRAHAM SLURKEY, twenty-seven years in twenty-seven minutes. This makes him easily the world's champion ham-eater. He already held the hard-boiled-egg record.

While reading THE BUN chew Wiggins's gum. It aids the digestion.—Adv.



Leo: HOW DID YOU EVER GET THAT IDEA INTO YOUR HEAD?
Hippo: IT MUST HAVE ENTERED BY WAY OF MY MOUTH—YOU KNOW I'M ONLY VULNERABLE IN SPOTS.



The main issue of the present Presidential campaign is Imperialism. It is the policy of expansion against comfortable isolation. The future of this country would be widely divergent under either of these two policies.

What will be the future condition of the United States of America in its governmental, social, political, domestic, artistic, literary, sporting, religious or other aspects, as a result of the election of either Republican or Democratic candidate?

LIFE will give

A Prize of One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold

to the best reply to this question from either point of view, **seventy-five dollars** in gold to the second best, and **twenty-five dollars** in gold to the third best.

Conditions.

All manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor of LIFE, 19 West 31st Street, New York.

The competition is open to subscribers of LIFE only. All new subscribers will be included.

Competitors must limit their arguments to four hundred words each.

The manuscripts should, where possible, be type-written on one side only of the paper.

The winning argument will be printed, together with such others as may seem to LIFE worthy of that honor.

Names and addresses of the writers should accompany

all manuscripts. In no case will these be printed without the permission of the sender. Those who desire their manuscripts returned should enclose a stamped and addressed return envelope. Otherwise all unavailable manuscripts will be destroyed.

Each manuscript may bear a pseudonym, which will be printed with the argument.

The Editors of LIFE are to be the sole judges of the merits of the arguments. As a guide to competitors, however, it may be stated that the arguments will be judged by three standards, in the following order:

1. Humor. 2. Originality. 3. Literary Merit. The date on which the contest will close will be announced later.

Prediction Number One.

IF William J. Bryan is elected President of the United States, the future—say the year 2025—will witness some interesting developments.

There will be no Wall Street or stock exchanges. This in itself will be one of the greatest blessings conferred upon a suffering nation.

Money will be so plentiful that no one will care anything about it. As a love of money is the root of all evil, it naturally follows that we shall be relieved of a great burden. There will then be no excuse for Tammany Hall, Senators, lawyers, authors who write books to sell, office-holders, politicians and others.

There will be no trusts. Every man will raise his own kerosene oil, shoes, brooms, rubber goods, locomotives, tobacco, whiskey and other necessities. This being the case, competition will be done away with, and, there being no competition, envy will not exist. There being no envy, no one will care what they wear, and protection from the elements will be all that is required. Broadway in hot weather then will be just the same as a night at the opera now, so far as the ladies are concerned.

As it won't make any difference what anyone does or says, no one will do or say anything that is not of any



Robinson Crusoe: IT WOULD JUST BE MY LUCK NOW TO GET VISITORS.



A FLAT REFUSAL.

consequence to anybody. There will, therefore, be no Chauncey Depews.

The tables will be cut to avoid communication with the rest of the world. America for the Americans! Astronomy will be tabooed, no entangling alliances with other planets being permitted. European travel will naturally cease then, there being no object in getting robbed.

As the principal object in living will be to cultivate enough grain to sustain human life, all unnecessary public buildings will be torn down to make room for gardens. Thus architectural art will have made a great stride. We will all be farmers then, and New York will look as the outskirts of Brooklyn do now.

There being no reason for difference in classes, society will not exist, and Newport, Bar Harbor, Lenox and the Waldorf-Astoria will be inhabited by respectable people. The Four Hundred will be dissipated, not as it is at present, but by Time.

Think of it! With no Congress, Wall Street, Senators, Office-holders, Crokers, Walking Delegates, Anthony Comstocks, Hannas, or Society, and cut off from the rest of the world, Heaven will seem like a poor excuse for dying.

It will be a great, dollarless Day.

The Sad Case of Mr. Astor.



GAIN our sympathies are stirred in behalf of that unfortunate gentleman, Mr. William Waldorf Astor. It will be recalled that he formerly lived in New York, but expatriated himself, went to London and became a subject of Victoria, because, do what he would, he could not be happy at home.

Now the cable tells how he gave a concert, to which was brought Captain Milne, who had not been invited. The Captain came with a lady at whose house he had been dining. Mr. Astor, when he

saw him, reproached him for coming uninvited, drove him from the house with threats and execrations, and put a piece in the paper about him next day. Mr. Astor knows how it distresses a sensitive man to have pieces about him put in the paper, for the fact that the papers would talk about him was one of the reasons he gave for leaving New York. It seems to be felt in London that he was unwarrantably rude to Captain Milne. The dispatches say that the Prince of Wales disapproves of his behavior to the extent of not seeing him when he meets him, that one or two clubs propose to discipline him, and that Captain Milne is overrun with notes telling him that the "honor of his presence is desired." The fact that Mr. Astor has apparently been made to apologize does not seem to have bettered matters, so far as he is concerned.

Everybody who understood Mr. Astor understood his shaking of the American dust off his feet, and will understand how he got into this new scrape. It is excusable that we should grin at him, but still the truth about him is not ludicrous but tragic, for he is a misfit man—a misfit in New York; a misfit in London. Wherever he goes *cælum non animam* will come true to his discomfiture. Poor man! With good appliances and opportunities he can't have fun. He needs a change of heart. Some missionary society ought to send a missionary to convert him.

A Question of Conscience.

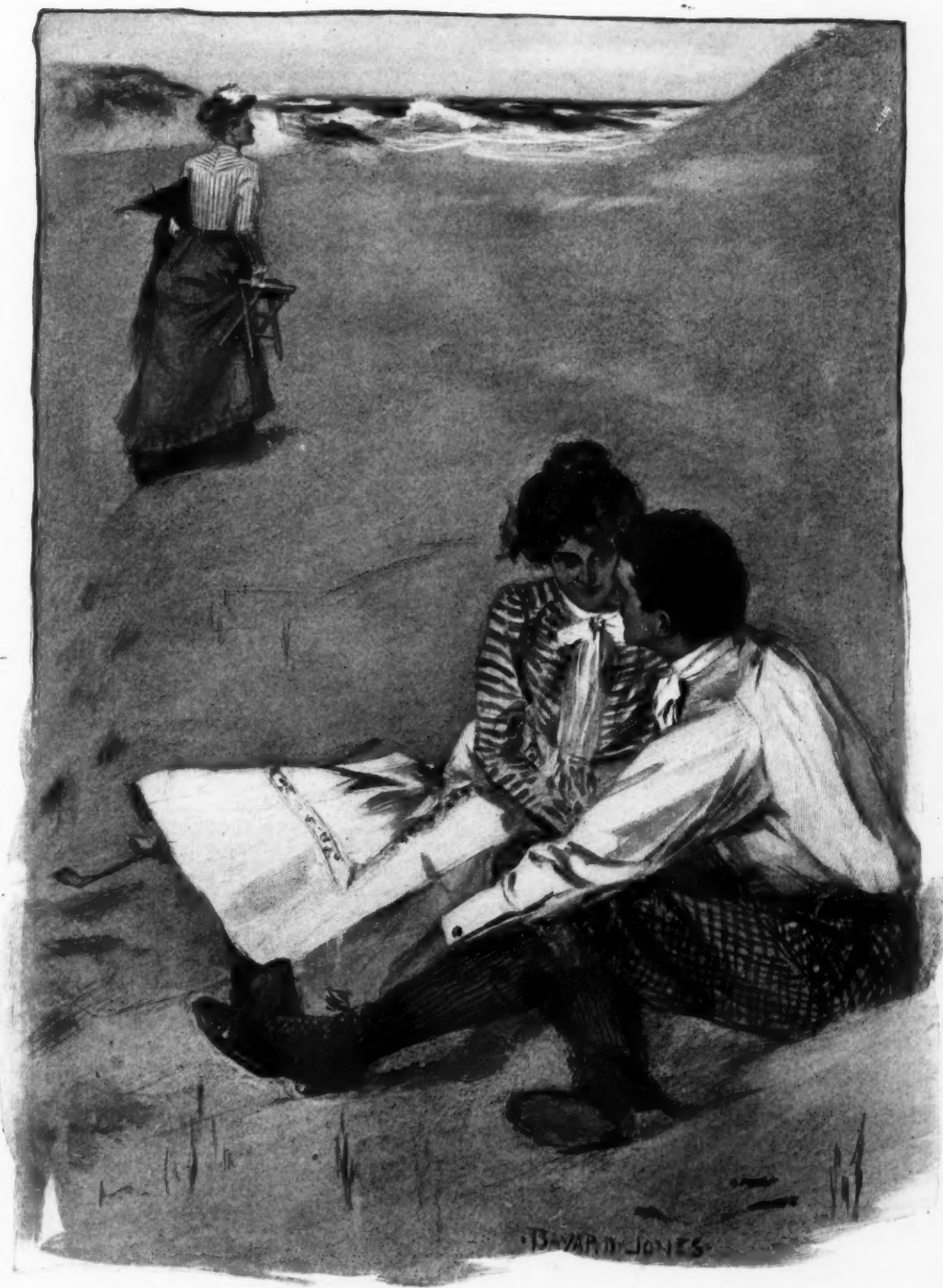
"A MAN'S conscience is a queer thing."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, I was thinking of Smith. He votes for the man he thinks right to quiet his conscience, and then lies about it to keep his job."



"YOU SEE, SIR, WITH ORDINARY PEOPLE IT'S EASY TO FIT A COAT, BUT IT'S DIFFERENT WITH GENTLEMEN OF YOUR EXCEPTIONAL FIGURE!"



MAROONED.



A DEEP Sermon, a Wise Editorial and a bit of Sage Advice once decided that Humanity was sorely in need of a new Social Structure, and fell to discussing plans and specifications, and figuring out the number of stories and towers and gables and doors and windows, the parlor and dining room and kitchen and laundry and bed room and bath room accommodations that would be required to make Humanity comfortable and happy. The firm of Hardwork & Commonsense stood ready to undertake the contract and put up the Structure immediately if Humanity wanted it and was willing to foot the bills. But the promoters of the enterprise said Humanity wasn't to be trusted, and that they must rely upon Sweet Charity to wheedle money out of Capital, who has means of squeezing it out of Humanity. Besides they preferred to give the contract to Evolution, a dissipated old dufer who doesn't believe in working, but in letting things take their natural course, and who promises to have the Structure done in several hundred, or may be several thousand or million years.

Moral: Humanity doesn't seem to take any lively interest in the new Social Structure.—*The Straight Edge.*

THE young King of Spain has a mind of his own. During one of the hot days last summer his French tutor dictated an exercise, in which occurred the phrase: "She possessed in the highest degree the distinguished manners and grace of speech innate in royal princesses."

"The man who wrote that never lived at court, that's certain!" remarked the boy King.

"What makes you think so?" demanded his astonished tutor.

"Why, just look!" replied the King, pointing to his two sisters, who happened to be in the room. "Look at those royal princesses! Look at their distinguished manners!" Maria de las Mercedes lay sprawling over a table, looking

sleepy and overheated. Maria Teresa maintained a more ladylike attitude, but was abstractedly scratching her head with her left hand in apparent embarrassment over a problem of French orthography. Alfonso pinched the arm of his elder sister and pulled the hair of the younger.

"Oh, you horrid boy!" they both exclaimed.
"There's your grace of speech!" commented his Majesty.—*Waes.*

THE Rev. Lemuel Coburn, a Denver divine, had just retired with the wife of his bosom. He was sinking into his beauty sleep, when his wife aroused him:

"Lemuel—ah—there's a man in the house!"
"Oh, lemme alone. Same old man you've had for fifteen years."

"Lemuel," she hissed, "It's a burglar. I can hear the silver rattle! Will you go down, or shall I?"

"Er—you go, my love," yawned the clergyman; "a man of my cloth must be careful with whom he associates."

—*Exchange.*

COLONEL W. O. TOLFORD tells a good story of a light-colored mulatto who wandered into one of the restaurants of Washington, D. C., the other day. When a waiter intimated to him in the gentlest way that he could not be served there, this conversation ensued:

"Wha' can't I be served heah?"

"It is against the rules."

"Guess you tek me foh a colored man."

"Aren't you?"

"Me colored? No, suh, I'se uh Malay."

"Malay, eh. Let's see; where do the Malays come from?"

"Why, uh, from Malaria, ob course."—*Argonaut.*

"WHY, it's old Diogenes!" cried Skininus, as the ancient philosopher, lighted lantern in hand, plodded slowly down the street.

"Hullo, Diog.," cried Patroclus, in bantering tones; "found that honest man yet?"

The sage stared up at them.

"Honest man!" he grumbled. "I'm not looking for an honest man; I gave that up long ago."

And he turned to hobble away.

"Then what are you looking for?" cried young Herclius. Diogenes paused.

"I'm looking for a hired girl," he growled; "ours left yesterday."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A FRENCHWOMAN of great personal charm was visiting a New York family and was being entertained at a roof garden. In an interlude by the orchestra she turned to her host and asked what the musicians were playing.

"I'd Leave My Happy Home for You," answered the host.

"Yes, I know," answered the lady, with a glance of coquetry, "but ze tune zat zey play, M'sieu—vat ees eet!"

—*Exchange.*

"THE whole civilized world ought to be interested in putting down this Chinese uprising."

"I should say so. Why, an historical novel written in Chinese dialect would be simply awful."

—*Indianapolis Journal.*

MAGISTRATE: You are charged with talking back at an officer, sir; have you anything to say?

PRISONER: Dayvil a wurd, yer honor—Ol ve sed too mooch alreddy.—*Ohio State Journal.*

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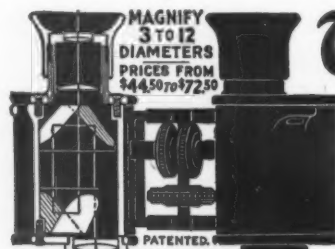
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Will you make an exception
once and try the first instal-
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THE HELMET OF NAVARRE

in the

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Pretty boxes and odors
are used to sell such
soaps as no one would
touch if he saw them un-
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something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap
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not, as you wish; and the
money is in the merchan-
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druggists; all sorts of people are
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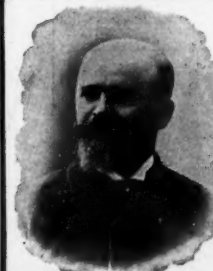
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THE ORIGINAL
PEPSIN
GUM

Cures Indigestion
and Sea-Sickness.

All Others are Imitations.

AN EXPERT OPINION.

Some sound the "I," while others don't, and so it's "golf" or "goff."

But when you meet a man who says that once he drove right off

And played a whole half-day without a "foozle" or a "scruff,"

Remember that's not "golf" nor "goff," pronounce it simply "guff." — *Boston Globe*.

SARATOGA'S GREAT ATTRACTIONS AND ITS GREAT HOTEL.

Everybody likes Saratoga for its wealth of natural beauty, the healthfulness of its mineral waters and the multiplicity of its social pleasures and out-door recreations. From now until Oct. 1 the Grand Union will be the centre of Saratoga's fashionable life and social activity, and it will be well worth going a long distance to see the magnificence and brilliancy of its entertainments and the crowd of notables from all walks of life that assemble there. Patrons of the Grand Union enjoy the greatest diversity of attractions, comprising everything from music to golf and polo, which, together with the conveniences and service provided for their comfort, make it the ideal summer resort. An illustrated booklet containing views of Saratoga can be obtained by addressing Woolley & Gerrans, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

"What's the size of Morocco's standing army?"

"About twenty-five thousand."

"Moor or less, I suppose." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

AMONG the many stories told lately in connection with the late Duke of Argyll is one concerning a distinguished officer of the army who called on the Duke at Inverary Castle, and was told by the servant that he was not at home.

"Where is he?" asked the officer.

"He's awa', awa'," was Donald's hesitating reply; "awa' washing himself."

The Duke was at a seaside watering place. — *Argonaut*.

YOUR dinner if accompanied by Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry will be digestible and satisfactory.

"I'm glad," said the green delegate, "to be one of those who will nominate a President."

"My son," said the old Senator impressively, "you err. You will not nominate; you will participate in a ratification." — *Philadelphia North American*.

"What is a storm centre, pa?"

"A storm centre is that member of a family who remains as cool as a cucumber while he makes all the rest raging mad." — *Chicago Record*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

Accessible location, excellent table, prompt service.

A DISCHARGED soldier, lately returned from the Philippines, tells a tale of a shirt which is too good to be lost. His company was returning from a long and tiresome scouting trip, in which most of the men had parted with the greater part of their wearing apparel, when he saw on a clothes-line in the grounds of a residence adjoining a big stone church two very good shirts, hung out to dry. As he had at the time only half a shirt to his back, he proceeded to help himself to a whole one. Whereupon a woman came out of the house and said to him, in passable English:

"You will pay for that on the judgment day."

"Madam," he replied, "if you give such long credit, I will take both shirts," which he proceeded to do.

— *Argonaut*.

"It is reported that one of Bolivar's fastidious, newly-married ladies kneads bread with her gloves on." The incident may be somewhat peculiar, but there are others. The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on; he needs it with his pants on, and unless the delinquent readers of this old rag of freedom pay up before long, he will need bread without a darned thing on.

— *Humaneville Star-Leader*.

SOLID TRAINS TO NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is now running solid trains of palace sleeping cars, dining cars (serving meals *a la carte*) and first-class day coaches, through from Chicago to Calumet, Houghton, Hancock and other points in the Copper Country without change of cars, with direct connection for Marquette, Negaunee, Ishpeming, etc., and passengers from the East, South and Southwest will find this a most desirable route.

All coupon ticket agents sell tickets via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

WHEN Reymini, the famous violinist, was a young man, he was engaged by a parvenu to play at a dinner, the agreement stating that he was to furnish music from eight o'clock to eleven. He began with an Adante movement from Mozart, a composition which opens very low and soft. The host turned to his guests:

"That's just like those musicians," he said. "I hired him by the hour, and see how slow he plays." — *Exchange*.

GENERAL DE GALLIFFET one day, in the corridors of the Chamber of Deputies, was talking to a friend, when he suddenly heard cries from the Chamber of "Assassin! Assassin!"

With a laugh, he said to his friend:

"They are calling for me," and with perfect calm he entered, and called at the top of his voice:

"Voilà! Voilà!" — *Argonaut*.

TOWARD THE SETTING SUN.

The extraordinary diversity of this country's physical and industrial features is brought into prominent view by the two favorite overland routes to California—one via Ogden and the other via New Orleans. These two routes are operated by the Southern Pacific Co. For information and descriptive literature, address the Southern Pacific Co., 349 Broadway, N. Y.

"YOUR typewriter girl is a very gay and picturesque dresser."

"Well, that's all right; if she can make it appear that our wholesale leather business is a garden party, I have no objection." — *Chicago Record*.

"STRANGE how nature equalizes all things," said the philosopher. "I mean to say that nothing is lost in nature. What may be lacking here is given twofold there."

"Ah!" remarked the novelist, "how about the loss of sleep?"

"Just the point I was going to make. The sleep you lose over the writing of a novel is frequently gained by those who attempt to read it." — *Philadelphia Press*.



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teaches by mail with perfect success his original and scientific method of Physiological Exercise without any apparatus whatever and requiring but a few minutes time in your own room just before retiring. By this condensed system more exercise can be obtained in ten minutes than by any other in two hours and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart.

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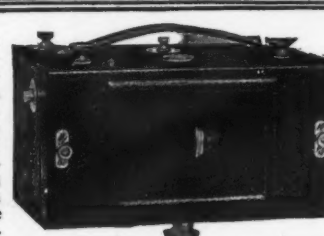
(Mention this magazine)

When the stomach's out of order and you can't enjoy your food, And with pangs of indigestion your whole system is imbued, When you feel an eager yearning to possess internal peace, Take a R.I.P.A.N.S in the morning and your sorrows soon will cease.

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This camera shows a distinct advance in the art of photography. It has all the advantages of the ordinary machine and many other unique features. It is impossible here to describe in detail, but we ask you to send for our free catalogue, which will show you how the lens swings around a half circle, making an exposure twice as great as is customary.



The camera figured here is the Al-Vista 3B. It is adapted for both time and instantaneous exposure, and takes pictures 3 1/2 x 4 1/2 and also 3 1/2 x 9. Rapid Rectilinear lens. Heavy nickel fittings. Black morocco leather. The price is \$20.

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You will then have on your own sideboard a better cocktail than can be served over any bar in the world. A cocktail is substantially a blend of different liquors, and all blends improve with age.

The "Club Cocktails" are made of the best of liquors; made by actual weight and measurement. No guesswork about them.

Ask your husband at breakfast which he prefers—a Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Vermouth or York—and then surprise him with one at his dinner.

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Sympathetic Friend: WON'T YOU COME DOWN TO LUNCH? SHALL I BRING ANYTHING UP FOR YOU?
Seasick Sufferer: THANKS. NO, I CAN DO ALL THAT FOR MYSELF.

There is no other leader in straight

Rye Whiskey, or ever can be, than



Old Crow Rye.

It is a HAND-MADE SOUR MASH, and equalled by no other.

Sixty-six years is a long time to hold the belt.

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THE SUMMER GIRL.

(From the *Philadelphia Record*.)

THERE can be no doubt that the curly-headed and scantily clad young gentleman who poses so gracefully in the illustrated head-line of *Puck* was the responsible creator of the summer girl. Out of the stray newspaper paragraphs he composed and embodied the fascinating creature all men now know; he gave her a name, a certain tone of mind, a face and form that were easy to recognize and remember. She was at first, it is true, rather a questionable character, but her growth has been rapid and her place in literature and art is now assured. She walks by the sea in fascinating bathing costumes; she reclines in hammocks, while adoring youths cluster about her feet. We all now know her in fiction, and the greater number of us have known her in fact. If we are young we still adore her; if we are middle-aged or old we look on her with cynical toleration. And both youth and age now recognize the fact that she has come to stay.

If Miss Daisy Miller had not died of Roman fever, she would have made an ideal summer girl; and if anyone wishes to know precisely what *Puck's* earlier creations were like, he or she could not do better than read Henry-

James's once popular story. The description of poor Daisy might stand for a description of the first summer girls; she had the illusive prettiness which fades so soon, and which leaves nothing behind. But, thanks to the fact that she stepped out of the pages of *Puck* into those of *LIFE*, the summer girl is now a most dignified and impressively beautiful creature, and he would be a bold man indeed who attempted to treat her with any lack of respect. In a word, the flippant, rather ill-bred maiden of fifteen years ago has now become a Gibson girl.

It might have been said truthfully of the earlier summer girls, who appeared under the patronage of the mischievous *Puck*, that they had no character at all worth speaking of. They were bold, flippant, heartless; they played with men's hearts for a pastime, and were never engaged to less than three men at the same time. These engagements ended with the season, and the poor boys were not only left heart-broken, but were also robbed of the engagement rings and presents they had given to their divinity. But this was all years ago, and Charles Dana Gibson would be shocked indeed if any of his girls attempted to act in this manner. She may still play with men's

hearts on occasions, but she does it with the calm repose of a highly bred young gentlewoman, not like a petticoated highwayman.

Without the aid of Gibson's skillful pencil and ready wit, the summer girl might never have passed beyond the earlier stages of her development. *Puck's* draughtsmen, however clever they might be in broad caricature, could never have produced the majestic creature we see in the pages of *LIFE*. This beautiful young gentlewoman has not only conquered the New World, but has laid successful siege to the old as well; and any allusion to a Gibson girl should be as readily understood in London society as it would be in Philadelphia or New York. She has ever had an effect on her English cousins, and another variation of the summer girl is becoming known to the readers of *Punch*. But it is the actual American Gibson girl who has appeared at English races, who has ridden to hounds, who has danced at hunt balls, and who has attended a Queen's drawing-room with ostrich feathers in her hair. But she is at her best and her loveliest when at home, and no true-hearted American could bear to see her pass into permanent exile, even if she won a coronet by so doing.

CHARLES DANA GIBSON DRAWS EXCLUSIVELY FOR LIFE.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE.



Beware of Imitations.

All successful cooks use Lea & Perrins' Sauce to get the most delicious flavor for soups, fish, meats, gravy, game, salads etc.

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A DAINTY TOILET NECESSITY.

SOLD EVERYWHERE
IN 5¢ PACKAGES ONLY.



—A.T. SMITH—

RAILWAY TRAVELING IN COMFORT.

A Hint for the Summer Holidays.

JOHNSON HAS HIT ON A BRILLIANT IDEA FOR KEEPING THE CARRIAGE TO HIMSELF WHEN IN THE TRAIN. HE HAS PROCURED A LARGE EDITION OF THE SQUEAKING FIG (SUCH AS MAY BE BOUGHT IN THE STREETS), AND CAREFULLY DISGUISED IT AS A BABY IN ARMS. WHEN BLOWN OUT ITS CRIES ARE TRULY AWFUL, AND EFFECTUALLY DRIVE AWAY INTRUDERS. WHEN NOT IN USE IT FOLDS UP TO CARRY IN THE POCKET.—*Pun.*

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